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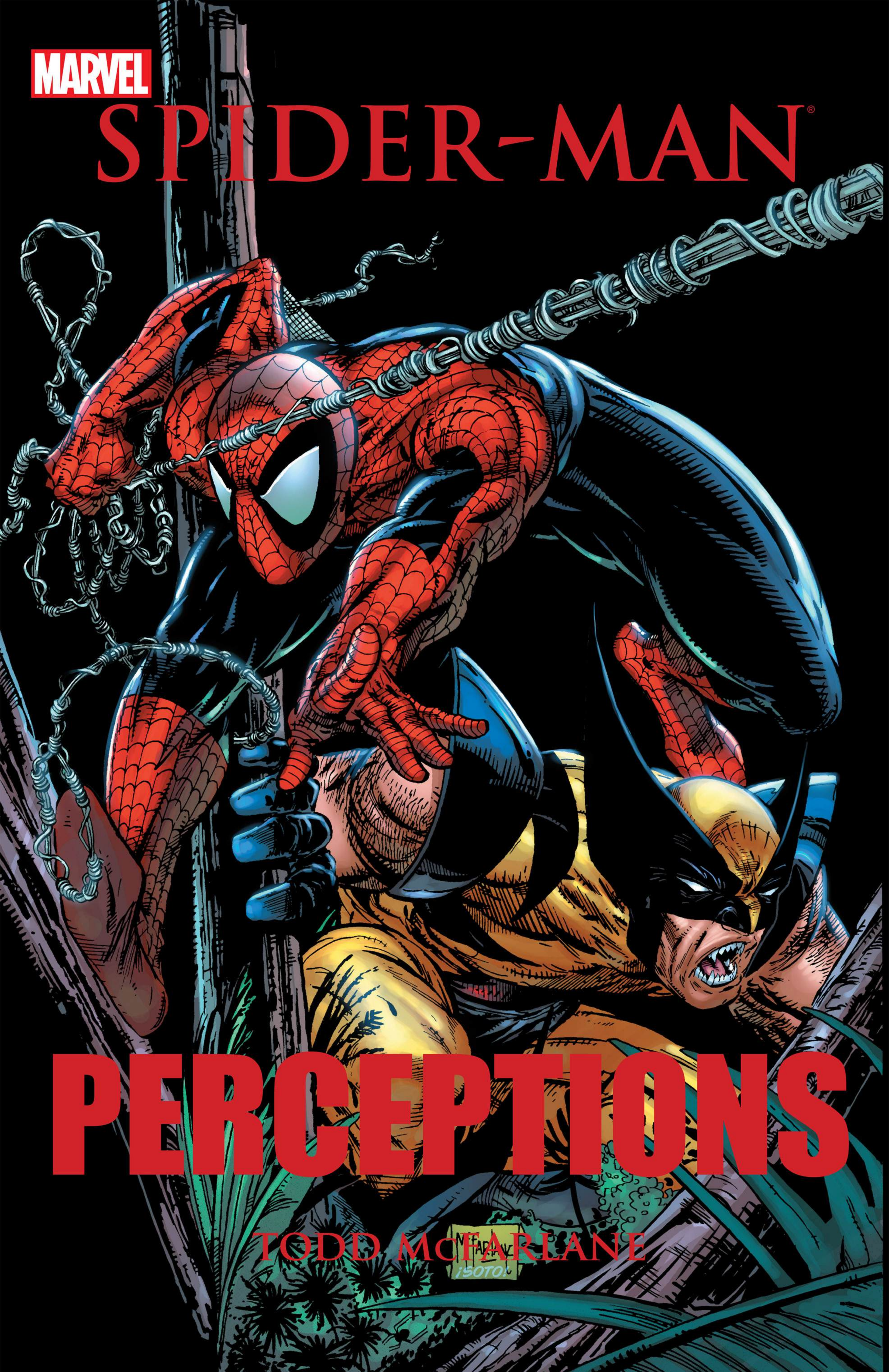

PERCEPTIONS

TODD McFARLANE

IN THE CANADIAN TOWN OF HOPE, FEAR IS EVERYWHERE.

A killer stalks the town's children, leaving a trail far gorier than Spider-Man is accustomed to. With Wolverine in the wings, watching for the Wendigo, it may come to claws vs. claws before the true blood-shedder is found. A trademark McFarlane tale of suspense and slaughter! Featuring a cameo by Alpha Flight!

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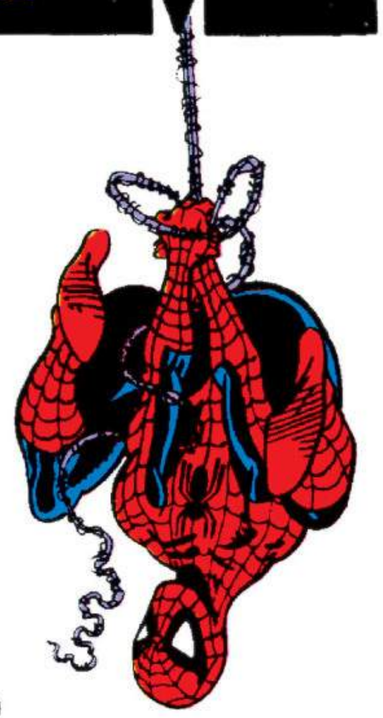

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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 1 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA 1941 – 1991

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ARTIST WRITER • TODD McFARLANE

Routine. That's what it was supposed to be. A routine story.

I'd been sent to cover the possible conflict between loggers and environmentalists as the chain saws got ever closer to another old growth forest.

Yet, unknown to me, it was not the giant trees' continued existence, nor the loggers' fight to keep their jobs that would become the Story.

LETTERS: RICK PARKER COLOR: GREGORY WRIGHT

Instead the forest had unlocked one of its hidden doors and released a mysterious, evil legend.

EDITOR • JIM SALICRUP EDITOR IN CHIEF • TOM DeFALCO

Support to protect the thousand-year-old trees was strong all across British Columbia. The people had another cause to rally behind.

I now realize that the dark forests that surround everyone's town, survive with their own rules. their own unknown purpose.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

PERCEPTIONS PART ONE

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Maybe I'm being a bit melodramatic. Trying to give depth and meaning where none exists. But the events of the past few hours affected my life like nothing before.

Like I said, it was supposed to be a routine story.

Trees. Loggers. Environmentalists. We've heard it all before.

But in the blink of an eye--

--My eye--

-- The mundane took a sickening twist.

Before I get too far ahead of myself, let me tell you how the events unfolded.

It was about 12:15 a.m. A long day on the road and a late dinner was putting me into Hope, B.C., later than I'd wanted.

The story of my life.

Suddenly, through the midnight fog, I spotted a figure standing in the middle of the road.

Another darn hitchhiker. Always looking for others to complete their journey.

That quick assessment nearly cost me my life.

And my story.

The details become blurred after that. I hit the creature doing 80 kilometers an hour. What I hit is unknown for now. One thing is for sure, it wasn't human.

Experts would tell me later that traces of white fur were embedded in my radiator. Animal fur.

But I digress. Smoke and pain brought me back to reality just in time to see it again.

At first, I thought I was dead. The second wrong assessment of the night.

Slowly, and I recall this with such clarity, the creature CALMLY disappeared into the fog and smoke.

But not before it had left behind--

-- a message.

What it had left was the remains of eleven-year-old David Neusel.

Naked. Decayed. Mutilated almost beyond recognition. The body of this tiny child looked no better than a road kill.

For the first time in my life I prayed.

When the authorities arrived, I could barely give them a complete sentence. They questioned me well into the morning. The first deliberate thing I did, almost upon instinct, was call my editor.

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BIGFOOT KILLS BOY

I, Anna Brooks, had just set in motion the wheels of hysteria.

I later found out David wasn't the first child missing recently in the valley. Others thought to be runaways were now being speculated upon. Unfortunately, David's parents were the only ones to see the results.

David's mother is now in a hospital.

The R.C.M.P. immediately began a search. Chief Inspector Krahn was to be the media's contact.

Besides the police, what seemed like every male with a gun also began his own search.

They were determined not only to kill the 'BIGFOOT' but to totally annihilate it.

For the next few days everything became a target. Paranoia replaced logic.

The rules were simple. Anything that moved was shot.

The body count of mistaken animals continued to mount.

The media exposure soon grew out of hand.

Before we had any answers to David Neusel's murder, a whole new set of questions and fears surfaced.

Even more frightening was that another young boy had disappeared.

What had started as a local Vancouver story about old trees, had quickly turned into the news sensation of the year. It spread across Canada, soon

Combine this with activists out to protect the senseless slaughter of wildlife. Environmentalists still trying to save the trees. Loggers. More police. Scientists. Even more media.

You can begin to grasp the utter chaotic state that this Fraser Valley community was now faced with.

The tragic death of young David Neusel had been turned into a Circus.

Complete with crowds, lights, and someone to call the ringleader.

I kept trying to convince myself that it was my job. If I hadn't started the story, someone else would have come across the young boy's body. But I remembered that at the first chance, I had called my editor.

I keep repeating "Anna Brooks, you were only doing your job."

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The Vancouver Sun

Vancouver's hottest buys

Bigfoot Kills Again?

Calgary Herald

Sasquatch on Ramp

Los Angeles Post

BIGFOOT VICTIM STILL MISSING

Weather
Today: Cloudy with rain possible. High 48. Low 40. Wind 8-16 mph.
Tuesday: Clear and windy. High 53. Wind 8-16 mph.
Yesterday: Temp. range. 40-56. AQI: 25. Details on Page D2.

The Washington Pos

113TH YEAR No. 363

Creature Still in Hiding

Grateful Germans Vote to Keep Kohl

Unification Key to C

By Marc Fisher
Washington Post Foreign Service

BONN, Dec. 2—Germans from both sides of their formerly divided country today rewarded Helmut

East Germany is almost identical to that in the west. This means that in all of Germany we are the ones trusted to take responsibility."

Challenger Oskar Lafontaine, 47, the Social Democrat who tried to

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU *ACCIDENTALLY* (emphasis mine) HAD A KNIFE UP TO THAT DEAR LITTLE OLD LADY'S THROAT BECAUSE SHE WAS GOING TO BUY IT AND COULDN'T READ THE BRAND NAME.

SOUNDS CONVINCING SO FAR.

WELL, NOW I'M WONDERING, *MR. GINSU*, WHAT KIND OF DEAL YOU CAN *CUT* ME. GET IT?

I TELL YOU, MAN, SHE CAME UP TO ME FIRST. REGULAR CUSTOMER, YA KNOW?

OF KNIVES. I DOUBT IT.

S-SURE MAN, SHE'S THE WIFE OF THE LOCAL BUTCHER. THE WERE RECENTLY ROBBED AND-- COULD YOU MOVE IT A BIT TO THE LEFT, THANKS--

--ANYWAYS, THEY WAS ROBBED AND NEEDED TO REPLACE SOME -- UH-- EQUIPMENT, MAN.

LISTEN UP, *MAN!* JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THIS LIE IS GETTING *WAY* OUT OF HAND. I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME ON YOUR TWO-BIT EXCUSES.

ALL I'M AFTER IS A SIMPLE CONFESSION.

SO HERE'RE YOUR OPTIONS. EITHER YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH, OR, WHEN AN HOUR PASSES--

--these webs will dissolve--

--AT WHICH TIME, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF SWIMMING FACE FIRST IN GARBAGE. I *HIGHLY* RECOMMEND YOU DECIDE QUICKLY.

'CAUSE ACCORDING TO MY WATCH, YOUR TIME IS JUST ABOUT--

--UP--

--OR SHOULD I SAY DOWN?

PERFECT!

HONESTLY, I DIDN'T--

UNG!

ALMOST ONE HOUR TO THE SECOND. FILTH HAS JUST MET FILTH.

I HAVE TO ADMIT, THAT WAS A PRETTY AWESOME BELLY-FLOP.

A QUICK CALL TO THE AUTHORITIES AND MY BUSINESS IS DONE HERE.

A CALL LATER...

'AND THEY SAY THE FUN HAS GONE OUT OF SUPER-HEROING.

JUST WHEN I THINK I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS TOO LONG, I'M REJUVENATED BY A NEW BURST OF CREATIVITY.

MY NEW MOTTO IS "IF YOU CAN'T SCARE 'EM INTO HONEST LIFE, THEN ANTAGONIZE 'EM WHILE THEY'RE DOWN."

I LIKE IT.

I'D BETTER GET HOME NOW, 'CAUSE I'M ONLY ABOUT *FOUR* HOURS LATE. MARY JANE'S NOT GOING TO BE TOO IMPRESSED.

OKAY, SO I GET A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY PLAYING *SPIDER-MAN*.

NOW REMEMBER, PETER, YOU JUST FINISHED TEACHING THAT HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

HOME, THINK QUICK.

HI, M.J.? YOU SEE, I MET THIS KNIFE SALES-MAN AND--

ALL RIGHT!!

I'M OFF THE HOOK! FAST ASLEEP, LIKE A LITTLE BABY.

BRINGGG!

I'LL GET IT, M.J.

PETER! WHEN DID YOU GET HOME?

OH, JUST A MINUTE OR TWO AFTER YOU WENT TO BED.

HELLO?

PARKER, YOU'VE GOT *EXACTLY* TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO PACK, GRAB YOUR EQUIPMENT, AND GET TO THE BUGLE. I'M SENDING YOU ON THIS '*BIGFOOT*' STORY.

WHY ME?

BECAUSE *EVERYONE ELSE* WAS BUSY!

WELL, SINCE YOU'VE ASKED SO NICELY, I'LL BE THERE IN *TWENTY-FOUR* MINUTES.

PARKER, I'M IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR--

FEAR

CLICK

HATE HAVING TO LEAVE MY *SWEETIE* AGAIN. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO HER WHEN I GET BACK.

DAILY BUG

BUT BEING THE MATURE SUPER HERO WIFE, SHE UNDERSTANDS. AND ON TOP OF ALL THAT, SHE'S GONNA TAPE THE *SIMPSONS* AND *TWIN PEAKS* WHILE I'M GONE.

ONE HURRIED EXPLANATION AND TAXI DRIVE LATER.

SO JONAH DOESN'T WANT HIS PAPER TO BE LEFT IN THE DUST WITH THIS SASQUATCH STORY. FINE, I CAN UNDERSTAND.

THAT HE CHOSE *ME* TO TAKE THE PICTURES, THAT'S A GIVEN.

BUT-- TO HOOK ME UP WITH *MELVIN GOONER* AS THE REPORTER, THIS TRIP COULD BE LONGER THAN I THOUGHT. MAYBE JONAH'S TRYING TO TORTURE ME.

HOPE BRITISH COLUMBIA'S A NICE PLACE.

Miami Chronicle

Town Gripped with Fear

Hope, B.C., Canada

It is now the seventh day of this 'EVENT.' My reports will continue to come in on a daily basis until everything is settled. The idea of writing it from my perspective has been suggested by my editor.

Since I broke the story, it seems only natural to tap my own emotions. I am tied to this in some involuntary way. More than that, I actually created this hysteria.

I created it.

But my duty is to report the facts to the people of this province and help guide my paper's journalistic duties.

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Hunter Killed as Search Continues

Through all of this I keep asking myself the same question.

WHY?

What possible meaning can this have, On a human level or on a divine level?

One boy is already dead. His body so viciously abused that forensics still can't determine the actual cause of death.

Another boy, BILL RICE, is still missing. Who knows what horrors he has been through.

We can only hope the boy will return home soon --

-- having lost his way in the forest, and that it is just a matter of time --

-- before someone finds him.

Safe.

On the eighth night things turn horrific.

WELL, BOYS, LOOKS LIKE THAT SIGHTING THE INSPECTOR RECEIVED IS JUST ANOTHER SCARED FARMER. BETTER CALL IT A NIGHT.

sweet mother of mercy.

MITCHELL! WHAT IS IT?!

GOD--IS THAT THE RICE BOY? THE DOGS ARE GOING WILD. KEEP THEM BACK. NOW!

CRIPES! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? INSPECTOR, OVER HERE. HURRY!

I THINK IT IS THE BOY.

LOOKS LIKE THE REPORT WAS RIGHT.

THIS IS INSPECTOR KRAHN, I WANT AN EMERGENCY CREW AND ALL AVAILABLE AGENTS OVER TO THE NICHOLLS' FARM. I MEAN *NOW*.!

AND FOR *CRISSAKES*, KEEP THE REPORTERS *AWAY*.!

JEEZ! I CAN TELL BY THE REMAINING CLOTHES THAT IT IS LITTLE BILLY RICE. MITCHELL, GET OVER TO HIS PARENTS' HOUSE AND MOVE THEM BEFORE THE MEDIA GETS WIND OF THIS.

MRS. NEUSEL IS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL WITH *HER* BREAKDOWN.

THE REST OF YOU BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS CREATURE. I'M NOT TALKING IN TWO WEEKS, I MEAN FAST. AS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FAST.

SOMETHING EVIL IS OUT THERE. IT'S OUR DUTY TO BLOW ITS *BRAINS* OUT.

Two dead.

Anyone who was a skeptic until now has been instantly converted. People have waited long enough. They want results. Most of the citizens have pulled their kids from school.

At night, save for the police and media, the streets are silent.

People hiding their emotions behind steel.

Others arm themselves for war.

The situation has gotten completely out of control. The media are not helping matters in the least.

Quite the opposite.

Calgary Herald

MUTILATED BOY FOUND

Part of the boy's limbs were missing. That seems to be the only worthy fact to us, the media.

DAILY NEWS

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KILLING CONTINUES

DAILY BUGLE 30¢

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THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

Partly cloudy, chance of snow High 25-30 Details p. 2

30¢

BIGFOOT EATS CHILD

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Year, No. 43,995 ©1990

Victim Consumed

Dallas Observer

FLESH-EATER STILL FREE

HELLO, SWEETHEART, HOW'S EVERYTHING?

PETER, I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D CALL. I'M DOING FINE. THE QUESTION IS HOW ARE YOU? ARE THINGS AS BAD AS THE PAPERS SAY?

UNFORTUNATELY, THEY'RE NOT GOOD, M.J.

MELVIN AND I ARE STAYING IN CHILLIWACK. EVERYTHING WAS BOOKED UP IN HOPE. BUT YEAH, THINGS ARE PRETTY HAIRY RIGHT NOW. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I'LL HAVE TO STAY.

I KNOW, DARLING. DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. I JUST CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE POOR BOYS' PARENTS. LIFE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN LIKE THIS.

NO PARENTS SHOULD HAVE TO SEE THEIR CHILD DIE BEFORE THEM.

I KNOW. I SAW A FEW MEDICAL PHOTOS OF BILLY RICE--IT JUST-- I COULDN'T TAKE IT. I LEFT THE ROOM AND CRIED. BIG *TOUGH GUY*, SPIDER-MAN.

YOU'D THINK I'D SEEN EVERYTHING. BUT ALL I COULD DO WAS CRY.

IT'S OKAY, PETER. WE SHOULDN'T EVER GET SO USED TO THE HORRORS IN THIS WORLD.

YOU GOING TO BE OKAY?

SURE, I THINK I'M GOING TO STEP OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR.

I LOVE YOU, SWEETIE.

I LOVE YOU, TOO. 'BYE.

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Year, No. 43,995 ©1990 Thursday, December 6, 1990

Berserk Sasquatch: No End in Sight

Day nine. It seems like the creature is everywhere again. The town's imagination has torn apart any sense of logic. The beast can't possibly be in eight spots at once.

Rumors begin to fly. Maybe there is a whole race of them. Maybe they are biding time. Waiting to wipe out the entire town. A sadistic smorgasbord. Beast devouring man.

These thoughts people are whispering. It is no longer a circus. Biblical prophecy has taken its place.

My mind is becoming numb. My energy just isn't there. And, more importantly, neither is my heart.

I need to divorce myself from the brutal slayings of innocent animals just to atone for the actions of one.

BANG

Think about the boys; they were human. These are just animals.

Just animals.

Things

that

can't

reason.

STOP

THIS MADNESS MUST STOP.

Things that act irrationally.

FINAL

DAILY BUGLE 30¢

THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

Partly cloudy, chance of snow. High 25-30. Details p. 2

30¢ Thursday, January 30

BIGFOOT ATTACK— Hunters Left Alive

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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 2 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991

DEEP IN THE WOODS LURKS...
WENDIGO!™

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Stan Lee PRESENTS:

TODD McFARLANE PENCILS INKS STORY
GREGORY WRIGHT COLORS
JIM SALICRUP EDITOR
RICK PARKER LETTERS
TOM DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

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THESE CANADIANS KEEP SAYING HOW CIVILIZED THEIR GUN LAWS ARE. HOW AMERICANS SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES.

THING IS, THEY HAVEN'T HAD A REASON -- TILL NOW.

THE ANIMALS WERE HARMLESS. NOW THEY'RE DEAD. I'VE COUNTED FIVE DOZEN.

AMATEURS -- LOOKING TO BECOME HEROES. WANT TO BE THE ONE TO BAG "BIGFOOT." TO BAG THE BABY-KILLER.

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND, NO ANIMAL WOULD STICK AROUND IN THIS KIND OF WAR ZONE. IDIOTS ARE SHOOTING AT GHOSTS.

AND SHADOWS.

AND ANIMALS.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BUB. IT'S TIME YOU MET YOUR MAKER.

IF HE'LL TAKE YOU.

please-- no-- I beg you don't---

YOU WHAT?

I BEG YOU--

THAT'S IT? YOU BEG ME AND NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO CHANGE MY MIND AND FEEL REMORSE.

WHY? BECAUSE I CAN UNDER-STAND YOUR PLEAS. SEE IN YOUR EYES THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE.

IT'S UNFAIR THAT YOU'RE DEFENSELESS AND MEAN ME NO HARM, YET I HAVE THE POWER TO *BLOW* YOUR HEAD OFF.

NOW YOU KNOW HOW THEY FEEL.

THOSE ANIMALS THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE SLAUGHTERING WANT TO LIVE JUST AS MUCH AS YOU.

DIFFERENCE IS, THEY CAN'T *BEG!*

NATURE'S BEEN TAKING CARE OF THEM FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. SURVIVAL IS THEIR GOAL. THAT AND KEEPIN' THE SPECIES ALIVE.

A SIMPLE FORMULA UNTIL MAN BECOMES A FACTOR.

OUR CONSCIENCES WOULDN'T LET US.

BUT THEY DON'T AND NATURE WASN'T *KIND* ENOUGH TO GIVE 'EM A TRIGGER FINGER.

SO THE KILLING CONTINUES.

YOU KNOW, IF THEY COULD SPEAK AND SAY "PLEASE DON'T SHOOT, I *BEG* YOU," I DON'T THINK WE WOULD.

FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I'M IN A GENEROUS MOOD TONIGHT.

YOU SPREAD THE WORD TO YOUR FRIENDS THAT KILLING IS WRONG. MAKE SURE THEY GET YOUR POINT.

OH, ONE MORE THING. YOU BREATHE A WORD OF OUR MEETING TO ANYONE--YOU WON'T BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO *BEG.*

sure--sure, okay, I-- I promise.

NO FURTHER WORDS ARE SPOKEN. NONE IS NEEDED.

KINDA FUNNY THOUGH, DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN A FAT MAN MOVE SO QUICKLY.

HOPE HIS FRIENDS DON'T SHOOT HIM.

BUT SEEING AS MOST OF HIS KIND ARE USUALLY QUITE SIMPLE --

-- AND A BIT FORGETFUL --

-- HE MIGHT JUST NEED A LITTLE REMINDER.

HUNTER'S SMART ENOUGH TO TELL FOLKS THAT KIDS VANDALIZED IT.

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN, PETER, ALL THIS KILLING AND HYSTERIA. MAKES YOU *SICK*, DOESN'T IT?

UH--YEAH.

UM, EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, MELVIN, BUT YOU AREN'T *ACTUALLY* GOING TO EAT THAT MESS ARE YOU?

KETCHUP AND DONUTS, SURE-- LOVE 'EM!

PLEASE, MEL, DON'T *PUT* THAT IN YOUR MOUTH. I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH SLEEP AND MY STOMACH'S EMPTY.

SO UNLESS THE AROMA OF BARF SOUNDS *APPEALING*, I'D ABSTAIN.

JEEZ, PETER, WHAT A LIGHTWEIGHT.

NORMA

I'D HAVE FIGURED YOU TO BE TOUGHER THAN THIS. BUT AFTER THE WAY YOU *REACTED* TO SOME OF THE MEDICAL PICTURES OF THE MUTILATED BOY, IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I DON'T QUITE KNOW WHY THEY'D *RELEASE* THOSE PHOTOS BUT SAY THE TESTS WERE INCOMPLETE.

USUALLY THEY WOULD DO THINGS QUITE THE *OPPOSITE*. PICTURES AREN'T THE NORM. MAYBE THERE'RE JUST DIFFERENT RULES HERE IN CANADA.

THE INSPECTOR AND HIS CREW SEEM TO BE AGGRAVATING THE REPORTERS MORE THAN ANYTHING.

WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO ADD MORE HASSLES TO THIS CASE. GUESS THEY LIKE ALL OF THE ATTENTION. BUT THE WAY INFORMATION'S GETTING OUT IS ONLY MAKING THIS TOWN *MORE* PARANOID.

YOU'D THINK THEY'D BE HIDING INFO, NOT THROWING OUT FLARES.

MMM, GOOD POINT. THINGS ARE GETTING *TOO* CRAZY.

BUT YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME 'EM. TWO KIDS MAULED BY SOME MONSTER. HUNDREDS OF MEDIA TEAMS CRAWLING EVERYWHERE.

NOT THE USUAL DIET FOR THIS TOWN.

SPEAKING OF WHICH-- IF YOU MOVE THAT BOTTLE ONE MORE INCH, I'LL--

KETCHUP

SORRY, PETE, MUST HAVE LOST MY--

---head?

SPECIAL

MOOSE

JEEZ! LOOKS LIKE A RIOT OUT THERE.

YEAH, I'M GONNA CHECK IT OUT. GIVE YOU TIME TO FINISH YOUR DONUTS IN PEACE.

WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT?

PSYCHO.

BUTCHER.

LISTEN, I'LL CRACK YOUR SKULL--

YOU CAN'T SHOOT EVERY-THING.

FANATIC!

LIVES ARE AT STAKE.

HEY, PAL, WHAT'S UP?

SOMEBODY LEAKED OUT THAT THEY'VE FOUND OVER A HUNDRED DEAD ANIMALS. SO THE *GREEN-PEACE GROUPIES* ARE EXCHANGING OPINIONS WITH THE *RAMBO-TYPES.*

TOP IT OFF WITH THE NOSEY REPORTERS, AND WE'VE GOT US A DAY THAT ME AND THE MISSUS CAN BE PROUD OF.

I CAN SEE YOU'RE IMPRESSED WITH THIS, TOO.

SAY, YOU AIN'T ONE OF THEM, ARE YOU?

NO! NO! I'M FROM-- CHILLIWACK.

BIG CITY SLICKERS-- DON'T NEED 'EM. 'SPECIALLY THEM TROUBLEMAKING *YANKEES.* THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND NOTHING. AIN'T NO "BIGFOOT" OUT THERE.

JUST A CRITTER THE INDIANS CALL *WENDIGO.*

'COURSE NO ONE WANTS TO LISTEN.

'SPECIALLY THEM YANKS. GUYS SEEM TO STEAL EVERY-THING. OUR PRIDE. OUR EXPORTS.

AND THE *WORST* OF IT ALL--

--THEY EVEN *STOLE* GRETZKY FROM EDMONTON. WHAT KINDA HOCKEY PLAYER'D WANT TO LIVE IN *SUNSHINE* ALL THE TIME. I TELL YA, BOY, HE WAS BRAINWASHED.

NIGHTFALL.

DITCHED MELVIN. NOW I CAN DO MY OWN INVESTIGATING. ANYTHING TO SPEED UP THIS MESS SO I CAN GET BACK TO MARY JANE.

WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THIS ASSIGNMENT IF I'D KNOWN IT'D DRAG ON THIS LONG.

UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE GOT TO STAY IN THE SHADOWS WHILE I'M HERE. IT'D BE TOO EASY TO FIGURE OUT THAT THE PETER PARKER IN NEW YORK OF "WEBS" FAME IS ALSO IN HOPE, B.C. WITH SPIDEY.

I DON'T NEED COMPLICATIONS. I NEED ANSWERS.

BIGGEST MISTAKE I'VE MADE SO FAR IS **NOT** BRINGING THE THERMAL UNDERWEAR.

MELVIN THINKS THERE MIGHT BE ANSWERS AT THE TOP.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE EATS DONUTS AND KETCHUP. THE MAN'S TOUCHED.

IT IS. BUT TWO HOURS GO BY BEFORE THE PAYOFF.

FINALLY! I'M JUST ABOUT FROZEN TO DEATH.

HOPE THE R.C.M.P. BUILDING IS THIS WAY.

YOU'D THINK THEY'D HAVE THE COURTESY TO SHOW UP WHEN I DID.

THAT'S HOW IT WORKS IN THE COMICS.

LISTEN HERE, LADY, YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, THEN **SAY** IT.

OTHERWISE, I'VE GOT PROBLEMS TO DEAL WITH. THERE'S 400 REPORTERS, ENVIRONMENTALISTS, AND ROOKIE HUNTERS I'M TRYING TO HANDLE. AS WELL AS KEEPING THIS TOWN IN *SOME* SORT OF ORDER WHILE THE MEDIA MAKES A CIRCUS OF IT.

IF I GIVE ANY INFORMATION, I'M CAUSING HYSTERIA. I GIVE NONE IT'S A COVER-UP. YOU GOT ANY *SUGGESTIONS* I'M ALL EARS.

YOUR JOB DOESN'T *INCLUDE* CAUSING A RIOT. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO STOP THEM.

POOR YOU.

PEOPLE TELL ME YOU LEAKED THE BODY COUNT OF THE ANIMALS TO THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

YOU'RE CREATING YOUR *OWN* PROBLEMS.

IF NOT, THEN LET ME DO MY JOB.

JUST BECAUSE YOU BROKE THE STORY, MS. BROOKS, DOESN'T GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO SLANDER.

"SO WHY DON'T YOU GO WRITE YOUR NEXT STORY ABOUT FLESH-EATING MONSTERS AND SELL AN *EXTRA* TEN THOUSAND COPIES."

SPIDEY, MY BOY, THINGS ARE DEFINITELY STARTING TO HEAT UP.

SO THAT'S THE VANCOUVER REPORTER WHO RAN INTO OUR SO-CALLED BIGFOOT.

TIME TO CATCH A FLY, SPIDEY.

TOO BAD I CAN'T SCARE HER.

BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO EXTRACT INFO. NAMELY, THE FAMOUS, BUT OFTEN UNDER-USED PARKER-PERSUASION.

IT'S NOT FOR NOTHING THAT THE BABES **SWOON** OVER ME.

BETTY. GWEN. FELICIA. MARY JANE. AH, THE LIST IS ENDLESS.

OR, AS THE OLD MAN SAID, **WENDIGO.**

AH, WHO'RE YOU KIDDING, PETEY. THE REAL REASON YOU WANT ANSWERS IS TO GET HOME TO YOUR WIFE SOONER.

AND IN THE MEANTIME TRY TO **RID** THIS PLACE OF SOME GOD-FORSAKEN MONSTROSITY.

I HOPE THE BOYS, AT LEAST, DIED QUICKLY.

KEAHN HERE. SOMEONE BRING *LUKE THORPE*, I DON'T CARE WHAT IT TAKES. IT'S TIME WE TOOK THE OFFENSE.

IF ANYONE CAN TRACK THIS CREATURE, THORPE'S OUR MAN.

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW. THEN SOBER HIM UP IF YOU *HAVE* TO.

ALSO, HAVE TEN MEN STANDING BY. WE'RE GONNA HAVE THORPE LEAD US TO IT--

--AND WE'RE GONNA GET RID OF THIS HEADACHE ONCE AND FOR ALL.

WHAT? YOU TELL THEM TO *SHOVE* THEIR POLICIES.

BETTER MAKE THIS QUICK. DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER.

THERE SHE IS. WELL, PETER, TIME TO GO TO WORK.

EXCUSE ME, MISS. THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT THIS CREATURE YOU'RE CHASING IS CALLED WENDIGO.

FROM THE INDIAN MYTHS?

IT'S A FLESH EATER AND HAS WHITE FUR. SOUND FAMILIAR?

YOU WANT TO GET A COFFEE?

BINGO.

MOMENTS LATER.

THAT'S PRETTY IMPRESSIVE RESEARCH YOU'VE DONE. DIDN'T KNOW THE WENDIGO WAS AS POPULAR AS BIGFOOT. BUT THE BIT ABOUT IT ACTUALLY BEING A PERSON CURSED WITH A CREATURE'S SPIRIT AND BODY, IS A *BIT* MUCH.

STILL, IF A GUY LIKE *THOR* CAN EXIST, THEN ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.

WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY, WHEN THEY HAVE AN EXPERT CORONER FROM CALGARY, THE R.C.M.P. INSIST ON SHIPPING RESULTS TO VANCOUVER FOR ANOTHER OPINION.

SEEMS LIKE RED TAPE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN COMFORTING THE DEAD BOY'S PARENTS.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THEY MUST BE GOING THROUGH?

I GUESS IN A SMALL WAY I CAN. LOST A GIRL-FRIEND ONCE. THOUGHT THE WORLD OF HER. WAS THE FIRST TIME I WAS *TRULY* IN LOVE.

WE EVEN THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET MARRIED.

BUT I COULDN'T PROTECT HER. COULDN'T HELP.

NOW I'M HAPPILY MARRIED TO A WOMAN WHO GIVES MY LIFE MORE MEANING THAN I THOUGHT POSSIBLE. STILL, I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER HOW THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THEN THE GUILT SETS IN FOR EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT. BUT I CAN'T FORGET. THAT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT, EITHER.

I'M SORRY FOR YOUR PAIN, PETER. I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU, YOU SURE BREAK THE TYPICAL *NEW YORKER* STEREOTYPE ALL TO PIECES.

HUH?

OH, EXCUSE ME, ANNA, I DON'T USUALLY FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF. IT'S JUST THE THOUGHT OF THOSE BOYS AND THAT THING.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. THIS STORY HAS GOTTEN WAY TOO PERSONAL WITH ME, TOO.

"UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE GOT AN EDITOR BACK IN VANCOUVER WHO EXPECTS MY COLUMN EVERY DAY.

"AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, PETER, I COULD USE THE *BOOST* THAT THIS STORY HAS GIVEN MY CAREER.

"NOT TO *MENTION* THE EXTRA MONEY.

"MY JOB IS TO WRITE SOMETHING THAT SELLS PAPERS, EVEN IF I DON'T HAVE ALL THE FACTS."

Granville

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The Vancouver Sun

50 CENTS

SAVAGE KILLER STILL LOOSE

Daniel R[illegible], the East Village drifter accused of murdering and dismembering a Swiss dancer, served a soup containing human body parts to homeless people in Tompkins

The centerpiece of the legal strategy used to force the city out of welfare hotels stood endangered yesterday.

In an unexpected move, the state attorney general stepped into Manhattan Supreme Court yesterday and argued that New York City is not obliged to place homeless families in welfare hotels with

NIGHTFALL, FINALLY.

TIME TO CHECK OUT WHERE THE FIRST BOY WAS FOUND.

REPORTER SAID CREATURE LAID BOY OUT ON ROAD.

THIS IS IT.

NO BLOOD. JUST SOME MOSS AND DIRT LEFT BEHIND.

STENCH OF RUBBER STILL STRONG FROM THE REPORTER'S CAR.

AND MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT.

DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT WAS BACK.

BUT NOW I'VE GOT A TRAIL.

THEN WHY'D YOU COME?

YOUR INSTINCTS ALWAYS RIGHT.

WENDIGO.

THIS COUNTRY KEEPS TURNING ITS MYTHS INTO REALITY.

NOW WE'VE GOT A BABY-KILLER.

CREATURE'S SCENT IS LIKE A BEACON. ONLY THING INTERFERING IS THE SMELL OF THE DEAD ANIMALS.

NICE RATIONALE. WE CAN'T FIND ONE CREATURE, SO SLAUGHTER ANOTHER. EVENTUALLY WE MIGHT BE RIGHT.

HUMANITY. WHAT A CONCEPT.

FORTUNATELY, I WON'T LIVE FOREVER.

HERE'S WHERE THE BODY WAS BURIED.

THE GROUND IS STILL MOIST WITH BLOOD. NATURE'S WAY OF GIVING ME CLUES.

AND UNLESS MY SENSES HAVE GONE HAYWIRE -- WHICH THEY HAVEN'T -- THIS AREA IS IN BIG TROUBLE.

GOTTA FIND SOMEONE IN TOWN I CAN TRUST.

THERE ARE OTHER BODIES OUT HERE.

THORPE, WHERE ARE WE HEADED? ALL THE REPORTS HAVE BEEN FROM THE *WEST* END OF THE SUMMIT

THE MAN'S A LOONY, JOHN. HE'S ALSO GOOD AT WHAT HE DOES.

HE MUST HAVE HIS REASONS.

YEAH, WELL, I WISH HE'D LET US IN ON *SOME* OF THEM.

HOW MANY *MORE* HOURS WE SUPPOSED TO SPEND OUT HERE.

THE GUY MOVES THROUGH THIS FOREST LIKE A MAN POSSESSED.

MAYBE HE IS.

GREAT.

BEHOLD, GENTLEMEN--

--YOUR TREASURE.

NO ONE MOVE.

NO!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

GUESS I'D BETTER TRY AND FIND MELVIN. HE'S PROBABLY WONDERING WHAT'S GOING ON.

PROMISED ANNA THAT I'D KEEP HER FACTS TO MYSELF.

MIGHT AS WELL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER DUD EVENING.

THAT WASN'T AN ANIMAL'S SCREAM I JUST HEARD.

THE WENDIGO HAS JUST BEEN FOUND. BY FOOLS.

FINAL

DAILY BUGLE

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BIGFOOT EVERYWHERE

Could there be more than one?

Daniel Rak[illegible], the East Village drifter accused of murdering and dismembering a Swiss dancer, served a soup containing human body parts to homeless people in Tompkin[illegible] Square Park days after the al[illegible] prosecution witness testi[illegible] [illegible]ton Ir[illegible]ry, a bo[illegible] covered a [illegible] soup dish[illegible]

On cross-examination, defense lawyer Frank[illegible]lyn Gould sought to discredit I[illegible]rney, ref[illegible]ing to his extensive crimi[illegible]

least 60 days, eliminating its daily produc[illegible]nding gaso[illegible]

Even

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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 3 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991

WOLVERINE®, WENDIGO!™, AND THE WEB-HEAD!™

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THOSE FRAGGIN' IDIOTS. WHY'D THEY TRY AND KILL SOMETHING WHEN THEY DON'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS?

A FEW DEAD KIDS AND ALL SENSE OF REASONING DISAPPEARS. GUESS HUMANS JUST NEED TO PIN THIS ON SOMETHING.

BUT TO GO AFTER THE WENDIGO. THAT'S INSANITY. CREATURE'LL SHRED 'EM APART BEFORE THEY BLINK.

BUT CONSIDERING WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO THE OTHER ANIMALS, IT'S THEIR OWN PROBLEM.

YEAH, AND I JUST HAPPEN TO BE RUNNING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION BY COINCIDENCE.

CURSE MY CONSCIENCE.

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PERCEPTIONS PART 3

TODD McFARLANE....PENCILER/WRITER
RICK PARKER.....LETTERER
JIM SALICRUP.....EDITOR
TODD AND FRIENDS...INKERS
GREGORY WRIGHT...COLORIST
TOM DEFALCO...EDITOR IN CHIEF

FIVE HUNDRED METERS AWAY, A NIGHTMARE IS OCCURRING. LED BY THE TOWN TRACKER, SIX MEN ATTEMPTED TO HUNT AND ELIMINATE A CREATURE THAT HAS BEEN KILLING THEIR CHILDREN.

BEFORE THEY COULD GET A JUMP, NERVES GOT THE BETTER PART OF ONE OF THE POSSE.

A SHOT WAS FIRED.

LIKE ANY ANIMAL BACKED INTO A CORNER, THIS WENDIGO MEANS TO DEFEND ITSELF.

TO THE DEATH.

THESE MEN HAD NO IDEA WHAT THIS CREATURE WAS, OR EVEN IF IT TRULY EXISTED. BUT THE ATTEMPT TO PROTECT THEIR OWN SPECIES MAY VERY WELL BE THE LAST THING THEY DO.

WITH A BULLET IN ITS BELLY, THE MONSTER CARVES A PATH THROUGH THE HUNTERS.

IT HAS BEEN HUNTED LONG ENOUGH. THE FOREST IS ITS HOME. A PLACE OF SAFETY, BUT RECENTLY THAT HAS BEEN SHATTERED.

THE SOUND OF MOTORS AND GUNS AND MEN HAVE DISTURBED THE NATURAL WAY OF THINGS.

THE FOREST CREATURES HAVE DEALT WITH ENOUGH.

WENDIGO WILL BRING ABOUT ITS OWN SENSE OF ORDER.

THE POSSE IS SMART ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE RULER OF THIS JUNGLE ALONE.

THEY CAN'T PAY ME ENOUGH...

NO WAY AM I GONNA DIE FOR SOME GODFORSAKEN MONSTER.

WE'VE GOTTA TELL THE INSPECTOR.

HEY, WHERE'S EDDIE?

"DID THAT *CHICKEN* GET A HEAD START ALREADY? HE BETTER NOT HAVE TAKEN THE WAGON."

WEN-DI-GO

G-GO AHEAD AND KILL ME. SEE IF IT TAKES YOU AS *LONG* TO SLAUGHTER A MAN, INSTEAD OF CHILDREN.

THE CREATURE JUST STARES.

FINALLY, IT RAISES ITS ARM FOR THE DEATHBLOW.

AT THAT MOMENT, EDDIE IS GRIPPED BY FEAR. IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND HE THINKS THAT THIS IS WHAT THE CHILDREN WENT THROUGH, TOO.

SUDDENLY..

... LIKE SOME WILD BANSHEE, WOLVERINE STRIKES.

BROKEN GLASS BEING DRAGGED ACROSS SHEET METAL BEST DESCRIBES THE SOUND HE MAKES.

WHETHER IT IS FOR BRAVADO OR INSTINCTIVE, THE NOISE ACCOMPLISHES ITS PURPOSE.

TO DISTRACT.

AND TO SAVE.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, BUB.!

I'M GONNA STATE THE OBVIOUS HERE. I THINK YOU SHOULD LEAVE-- NOW!

UH, YES, SIR, RIGHT AWAY, SIR.

THOSE MOUNTIES. SUCH A POLITE LOT.

WON'T POP MY CLAWS. THIS WHOLE SITUATION AIN'T WENDIGO'S FAULT.

I'LL JUST KEEP ON THE DEFENSIVE TILL THE HUNTERS ARE LONG GONE.

'COURSE, WENDIE DOESN'T KNOW I'M BEING SO CHARITABLE. THIS'LL MAKE THINGS A BIT MORE CHALLENGING.

C'MON, PETER, WAKE UP. WE'VE GOT A STORY. SOME COPS ARE BACK IN TOWN. SAID THEY MET THE BIGFOOT.

JEEZ, WHAT TIME IS IT?

MELVIN, I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T FIND YOU A CLEAN PAIR. C'MON IN AND SIT DOWN. I'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE.

THAT MELVIN, WHAT A JERK.

WHO CARES? WE'RE ONTO SOMETHING BIG HERE. IT'LL TAKE TWENTY MINUTES JUST TO DRIVE TO HOPE. SO HURRY IT UP.

THIS COULD BE THE BREAK WE NEED. SOMEONE OTHER THAN THAT VANCOUVER REPORTER WHO CAN VERIFY THIS CREATURE.

PLUS WE KNOW WHAT SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN HE'S ON.

THE THING DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE. SAY, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY MADE FELIX BOXER SHORTS.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, MELVIN, I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS STORY. I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD DRAG ON THIS LONG.

PLUS ALL THE MISINFORMATION THAT'S BEEN LEAKED OUT IS JUST COMPLICATING THINGS EVEN FURTHER.

PETER, IF WE CAN BEFRIEND ONE OF THOSE INJURED COPS, THERE'S A CHANCE WE CAN ALL GO HOME SOON AND HAVE A GREAT STORY, TOO.

I THINK I SEE 'EM UP AHEAD.

LOVELY.

WENDIGO'S EXERTING HIMSELF TOO MUCH. HE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MORE BLOOD. BULLET MUST HAVE HIT AN ARTERY.

SO IF HE DOESN'T STOP FIGHTING, HE'S GONNA BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.

NOT THAT I'M ENJOYING THIS.

AW, NO! NOT AGAIN.

C'MON, WOLVIE, DO BOTH OF US A FAVOR AND END THIS.

THEN GET INTO TOWN AND FIND AN ALLY. LET 'EM KNOW WHAT I'VE FOUND OUT HERE.

EVERYONE'S ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

WHAT'D IT LOOK LIKE?

WAS THERE A STACK OF BODIES?

WHY ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?

TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.

WAS ANYONE KILLED?

HOW BIG WAS IT?

DID YOU FIND ANY OTHER KIDS?

IS THERE MORE OF THEM?

Los Angeles Post

BIGFOOT ATTACKS ADULTS

CHICAGO GLOBE

MOUNTIES ESCAPE DEATH

FINAL **DAILY BUGLE** 30¢

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SASQUATCH DINES ON COPS

OKAY, BIG FELLA, I GUESS IT'S TIME TO JOIN YOU AT YOUR LEVEL.

COSTUME WAS BUGGIN' ME.

I NEED TO BE AS FREE AS POSSIBLE.

SEE HOW IT REACTS TO SOMETHING AS SAVAGE

AS ANIMALISTIC

AS WILD AS ITSELF.

I DRAG MY SCREAM OUT FOR THIRTY SECONDS. THEN I JUST STARE AT WENDIE. HE WON'T LOOK AT ME.

NEVER HAD A SHOWDOWN BEFORE. DON'T THINK HE LIKES IT.

NOT MY PROBLEM.

MAYBE HE'S LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD. MAYBE HE'S JUST HAD ENOUGH OF US STINKING HUMANS.

WHATEVER THE REASON, HE JUST LEAVES.

I'VE GOT TO GET TO TOWN AND STRAIGHTEN THIS MESS UP. BEEN TOO MANY INNOCENT DEATHS ALREADY.

ON BOTH SIDES.

MELVIN, I'M HEADING OVER TO THE POLICE STATION. I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY LET THOSE OFFICERS JUST RUN OFF AT THE MOUTH WITHOUT ANY KIND OF DEBRIEFING.

THEN I'M GOING TO FIND *MS. BROOKS* AND SEE IF SHE HAS ANY LEADS. I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU TOMORROW BACK AT THE HOTEL.

SOUNDS GOOD. I'VE GOT THE ADDRESS OF THE TRACKER WHO TOOK THESE GUYS OUT TO THE MOUNTAIN. MAYBE *HE'LL* BE USEFUL.

PETER, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHEN THE *NEW* FORENSIC REPORT WILL BE BACK FROM VANCOUVER.

YO, *SPIDEY*, I THINK I COULD USE A BIT OF YOUR HELP.

UH?! WHAT DID YOU SAY?

YOU HEARD ME, BOY. I'VE GOT A SLIGHT PROBLEM WITH THIS WENDIGO FELLA. I THINK YOU CAN HELP.

MEET ME A HALF MILE DUE NORTH OF TOWN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS. YOU'LL GET SOME ANSWERS THEN.

I DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT. BELIEVE ME, I'M JUST AS SURPRISED WITH HIS PRESENCE AS HE IS WITH MINE.

TWO HOURS LATER.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BUT IT'S *TIME* TO FIND OUT!

THAT STRANGER'S VOICE SOUNDED FAMILIAR AND HE DIDN'T SET MY SPIDER-SENSE OFF.

SO I'VE GOT *THAT* GOING FOR ME.

I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE STATION TOMORROW MORNING THEN MEET MELVIN TO SEE WHAT HE FOUND OUT.

YA KNOW, PETER, YOU DON'T NEED THESE COMPLI-CATIONS IN YOUR LIFE. IT'S HARD ENOUGH TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THIS "*WENDIGO*" MESS WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT SOME NIGHT-PROWLING STRANGER.

ON THE OTHER HAND, WHAT OTHER *GOOD-LOOKING* SUPER HERO IS IN TOWN?

SO I'VE GOT *THAT* GOING FOR ME, TOO.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT STRANGER CALLED PETER PARKER "SPIDER-MAN," WHICH *IS* A PROBLEM.

I'M 3,000 MILES FROM NEW YORK AND SOME GUY IN CANADA KNOWS MY IDENTITY.

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

I DON'T KNOW ANYONE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

HECK, I HARDLY KNOW ANYONE IN CANADA, *PERIOD.*

MARY JANE AND THE PEOPLE AT THE *BUGLE* ARE THE ONLY ONES FROM THE CITY WHO KNOW I'M HERE.

MORE QUESTIONS, THAT'S *ALL* I NEED.

I'M CERTAINLY NOT IN ANY MOOD TO GO THROUGH ANOTHER *MEANINGLESS* ATTACK LIKE I DID WITH THAT *KRAVEN-WITCH* LAST MONTH.

SHE WAS SOMETHING *FREAKY.*

HECK, ALL THE VILLAINS ARE FREAKS.

AND I'LL KNOW IF I'M DEALING WITH ANOTHER IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS.

THE CLEARING IS JUST BELOW.

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THIS DRAMATIC.

NEVER **FEAR!** *SPIDEY'S HERE! IN HIS* **UNDERWEAR!**

REAL MATURE, SCHOOLBOY.

WOLVERINE!!

YOU'D BE FACE DOWN RIGHT NOW IF I WERE THE BAD GUY. YOU DIDN'T KNOW IF I WAS FRIEND OR FOE. WHY WOULD YOU GIVE ME AN EDGE?

THE *FOOL* WHO SIGNALS AN ENEMY, ISN'T LONG FOR THIS WORLD.

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH! THANKS FOR THE LECTURE, *POPS*. I'LL HAVE THE CAR HOME BY ELEVEN.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS LONGER THAN YOU. MY SPIDER-SENSE TOLD ME YOU WEREN'T HOSTILE. SO I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A *LITTLE* FUN.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHY THE OLD YELLOW AND BLUE SUIT, YOU GOT A REUNION TO ATTEND AFTER?

COUPLE SEAMS CAME LOOSE ON THE OTHER ONE, SO I WANTED TO PUT ON SOMETHING THAT REMINDED ME OF A TIME WHEN I *DIDN'T* KNOW YOU!

YOU NEVER STOP, DO YOU?

OH! HE MADE A *FUNNY!* I THINK THIS GUY HAS *SOME* POTENTIAL.

NAH! BESIDES, IT KEEPS ME YOUNG.

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? IT CAN'T BE THE CROWDS OR THE HYPE!

IT'S THE *KILLINGS*! THE THOUGHT OF DEAD ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY DEAD CHILDREN, SICKENS ME. I'VE SEEN MY FAIR SHARE OF SICK SITUATIONS, BUT THIS ONE'S CONTAGIOUS.

THOSE FRAGGIN' HUNTERS ARE DETERMINED TO KILL *EVERYTHING* UNTIL THEY GET IT RIGHT. AND, UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T STOP 'EM ALL.

WHICH IS WHERE YOU COME IN.

GREAT!

NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO STOP THE HUNTERS, AND LEST WE FORGET, THE R.C.M.P., THE ENVIRONMENTALISTS, AND THE REPORTERS.

AH, SHUT UP, KID! I DON'T WANT YA TO MOW 'EM DOWN. JUST REMOVE THEIR MOTIVATION. LET THEM KNOW THEIR TARGET IS IN TOWN. JUST KEEP 'EM OUT OF THE FOREST.

FACTS, BUDDY. I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING SOLID.

LISTEN, I'VE GOT A HUNDRED INNOCENT ANIMALS SLAUGHTERED OUT IN THE FOREST BY SOME HYPER-ACTIVE WEENIES. THEY THINK "BIGFOOT" KILLED THE BOYS.

I SAY HE DIDN'T.

I WENT TO THE ROAD WHERE THE FIRST BOY WAS FOUND. WHERE THE REPORTER FIRST SAW OUR "BIG-FOOT." THE SMELLS TOLD ME THAT IT WAS A *WENDIGO* THAT CARRIED THE BOY THERE.

I FOLLOWED THE TRAIL TO WHERE THE BOY HAD BEEN BURIED. THE STENCH OF A *HUMAN* ADULT WAS STILL EVIDENT.

THE WENDIGO DIDN'T KILL THAT BOY, HE JUS HAP-PENED TO STUMBLE UPON THE BODY.

TO VERIFY MY SUS-PICIONS, I WENT TO THE FIELD WHERE THEY FOUND THE SECOND BOY, BILLY RICE.

KNOW WHAT MY SENSES SAID? NO TRACE OF WENDIGO ANY-WHERE. ONLY THE SMELL OF THAT SAME *HUMAN* ADULT. AND *DOGS*.

SO I WENT BACK INTO THE FOREST TO TRACK DOWN THE WENDIGO. BEFORE I FOUND HIM I CAME ACROSS A COUPLE OF HIS KILLS.

BOTH WERE DEERS. NO HUMAN FLESH EVER NEAR.

MY PROBLEM, THE HUNTERS CONTINUE TO KILL THE ANIMALS. THAT WILL NOT CONTINUE!

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT THOSE TWO DEAD BOYS HAVE *NOTHING* TO DO WITH WENDIGO.

=Whew= THAT IS A PROBLEM.

WE'VE GOT AN ENTIRE TOWN BELIEVING THAT A SEVEN-FOOT MONSTER IS GOING TO SNATCH THEIR KIDS AND *DRAG* 'EM INTO THE DARK.

AND WITH THE MEDIA BLOWING THIS THING WAY OUT OF PROPORTION, I CAN HARDLY BLAME THEM.

PLUS, *ANNA BROOKS*, THE REPORTER WHO CRACKED THIS STORY, TELLS ME THAT SOMEONE IS *LEAKING* OUT INFORMATION THAT JUST ADDS FUEL TO THE FIRE.

I'LL TELL YOU, *WOLVIE*, FROM MY MEDIA EXPERIENCE, ONCE THE WHEELS OF PROPAGANDA HAVE BEEN SET IN MOTION--

--REALITY BECOMES A *MOOT* POINT.

THESE PEOPLE WANT A BIGFOOT. THEY'LL *GET* A BIGFOOT. IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL FEEL SAFE AGAIN.

AND I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT SIX OFFICERS GETTING *ATTACKED* BY WENDIGO DOESN'T HELP ANY.

THEY *ATTACKED* HIM! DO YOU UNDER-STAND? HE DIDN'T PROVOKE ANYTHING. THEY HUNTED HIM. AND WHEN HE WAS SHOT HE DID WHAT ANY INJURED ANIMAL WOULD DO.

HE *DEFENDED* HIMSELF.

NOT HIS PROBLEM THOSE COPS ARE EASILY SCARED.

BUT WE'RE GETTING OFF THE POINT. THE HUNTERS, THE R.C.M.P., THEY'RE ARMED. THEY CAN SHOOT BACK.

IT'S THE INNOCENT ANIMALS THAT I'M CONCERNED ABOUT.

AND THE KIDS THAT *YOU* SHOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT.

TIME TO MAKE A CHOICE.

BUT I'M *IN* LIKE *FLYNN.*

OKAY, THEN LET'S GO CATCH US A *MURDERER!*

To be continued

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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 4 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

WHILE

WOLVERINE®

OPERATES ON

WENDIGO--™

--SPIDEY® TAKES ON THE PRESS AND THE LAW!

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Day ten.

It finally happened. Someone else has seen Wendigo. As a matter of fact, six people saw it.

There were officers in the bush. Hunting down this savage baby-killer, when the monster attacked them. Two are in the hospital with injuries; the others are shaken emotionally.

I understand their fear. To face something eye to eye that you don't believe exists is disturbing. It blows all of your previous assessments of life to smithereens.

If a creature like this can roam the forest undetected for who knows how many years--then what else could exist?

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PART 4

PERCEPTIONS

What other horrors could be lurking just outside our windows without us ever knowing?

The blood, fur and flesh wedged into the grill of my now-crushed car said it was.

But now we do know. From my selfish perspective that's good. Ever since that first night when I ran into the Wendigo with my car, I've wondered if it was actually real.

STORY & PENCILS
TODD McFARLANE

INKS
RICK MAGYAR & McFARLANE

RICK PARKER letters
GREG WRIGHT color

JIM SALICRUP editor
TOM DEFALCO editor in chief

So, even though the attack upon the R.C.M.P. is a horrible reality, their sighting now makes me feel like I'm not totally alone.

The weight off my conscience will now allow me to sleep, with some sort of peace, for the first time in ten days.

As for the R.C.M.P. officers, luckily they were armed. Maybe that's why the creature chose the children.

They were innocent. Harmless.

Easy prey.

GOOD! SHE'S IN HER ROOM.

One officer reported that they found the creature almost instantly with local tracker *LUKE THORPE* leading the way.

When the monster viciously attacked, the mounties shot back. They say the "Sasquatch" was hit but were unable to determine the extent of the wounds.

Does this mean that we may have seen the last of *him*?

728

KNOCK KNOCK

MS. BROOKS, IT'S ME, PETER PARKER.

SHE'S NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS. HECK, FROM WHAT WOLVERINE TOLD ME--I DON'T LIKE THIS.

PETER! COME ON IN. AND PLEASE CALL ME ANNA.

I WAS JUST WRITING MY COLUMN FOR TOMORROW. I'M SURE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE ATTACK. SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, ANNA. I'VE BEEN GIVEN SOME INFORMATION THAT *STRONGLY* SUGGESTS THAT SOMEONE IN TOWN KILLED THOSE TWO BOYS.

NOT THE WENDIGO.

WHAT?! THAT'S ABSURD!

I WISH IT WERE. BUT THE INFO I'VE GOTTEN FROM MY SOURCE SAYS THIS WHOLE 'BIGFOOT' THING HAS BEEN A SHAM.

YES, THE WENDIGO EXISTS. BUT IT ONLY HAPPENED UPON THE *NEUSEL* BOY. FOR WHATEVER REASON, IT WAS BRINGING HIM CLOSER TO TOWN WHEN YOU RAN INTO IT.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE. WE'VE GOT A *MADMAN* RUNNING AROUND WHO'S A POSSIBLE CHILD KILLER AND NO ONE KNOWS.

WE HAVE TO LET THE PEOPLE IN ON THIS.

THIS IS *CRAZY!* YOU COME STORMING IN HERE TO TELL ME THAT THE WENDIGO WHO WAS *CRATING* AROUND A POOR DEAD CHILD AND WHO *ATTACKED* THE MOUNTIES IS INNOCENT?

GIVE *ME* A BREAK!

I'VE BEEN BUSTING MY BUTT ON THIS STORY, COVERING EVERY ANGLE. SO FAR NOTHING POINTS TO HUMANS.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'D DO THIS, PETER, BUT I EXPECTED BETTER FROM YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE *DIFFERENT* THAN THE OTHER 'SHARK' REPORTERS! WHAT WOULD POSSESS YOU TO DO THIS?

BECAUSE IT'S THE *TRUTH!*

LISTEN, ANNA, I HATE THIS AS MUCH AS YOU DO. BECAUSE THE SICK THING IS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SENT HERE IF THIS WAS *ONLY* A MURDER.

ROUTINE MURDERS *DON'T* SELL PAPERS.

I'M NOT HERE TO WRECK YOUR STORY. AT THIS POINT I WISH IT *WERE* TRUE. BUT THE EVIDENCE I HAVE SAYS OTHERWISE.

WHAT *EVIDENCE*!? SHOW ME. AND JUST WHO IS YOUR SOURCE?

I CAN'T SAY RIGHT NOW.

YOU CAN'T SAY?!

THAT DOES IT! YOU TAKE YOUR SO-CALLED FACTS AND YOU *SHOVE 'EM*. I'M WRITING THE STORY OF MY LIFE AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEAL WITH PROFES-SIONAL JEALOUSY!

NOW *GET* OUT OF HERE!

I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY. NOW IT'S ME WHO WOULD HAVE EXPECTED BETTER.

BEFORE I GO, YOU ASK YOURSELF A FEW QUESTIONS, SINCE YOU SEEM TO HAVE *ALL* THE ANSWERS--

--WHY DID ONE BOY HAVE ON CLOTHING AND THE OTHER DIDN'T? WENDIGO WOULDN'T *CHANGE* HIS HABITS.

AND WHY HAVE THE FORENSIC REPORTS BEEN DELAYED? EXCEPT FOR A FEW FACTS THAT WERE LEAKED TO HELP FUEL THE FIRES OF CONFUSION.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED I'VE GOT *PLENTY* MORE UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN REACH ME.

SLAM

SOMEWHERE IN THE DEEP FOREST AN INNOCENT VICTIM STRUGGLES TO MAINTAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.

IT FEELS A BURNING PAIN DEEP IN ITS BELLY, ALTHOUGH IT CAN'T RATIONALIZE WHY ITS THERE.

THE WORD BULLETS HAS NO MEANING.

IT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT, THAT MUCH IT DOES KNOW. SO, INSTINCTIVELY, THE WENDIGO DOES WHAT IT CAN TO HELP ITSELF.

THE FIGHT WITH THE R.C.M.P. AND WOLVERINE HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL.

ESPECIALLY WITH GUNSHOT WOUNDS TO EVEN THE ODDS.

THE CREATURE CARES ABOUT NONE OF THIS.

SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY DEARLY.

SPIDEY'D BETTER BE DOING HIS JOB, 'CAUSE I'M GETTING TIRED OF WAITING.

TIME'S RUNNING OUT. I THOUGHT ANNA COULD HELP ME WITH THE OTHER REPORTERS.

LOOKS LIKE I'M ON MY OWN. CAN'T RISK EXPOSING MYSELF RIGHT NOW 'CAUSE THAT WOULD JUST COMPLI-CATE MATTERS.

SOOO---

-- THE R.C.M.P. IS MY NEXT BET. BUT WHY DO I KNOW THAT THEY'RE *NOT* GOING TO WELCOME THE NEWS?

OR THE RAMIFICATIONS?

GUESS THE HYPE HAS *SWALLOWED* HER UP, TOO.

BECAUSE, DEAR SPIDEY, YOU'VE BEEN DOWN THIS PATH *TOO* MANY TIMES.

I HOPE THEY'LL BELIEVE *SOME* OF THE EVIDENCE I GIVE THEM.

IF NOT, MELVIN IS GOING TO BECOME MY BUDDY *REAL* FAST!

YA KNOW, I'M GETTING *TIRED* OF YOU GUYS. IF YOU CAN'T GET YOUR STORY THE PROPER WAY--

--YOU JUST *MAKE* UP YOUR OWN ANSWERS.

BUT I'LL TAKE ALL YOUR SUGGESTIONS IN A SERIOUS AND PROFESSIONAL MANNER.

UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'LL PRODUCE YOUR SOURCE.

I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU I *CAN'T*. LISTEN, IT'S ALL HERE IN THIS FOLDER.

I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE SOMEWHAT CONCERNED ABOUT THE *TRUTH*.

DONUTS

WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

SURE. THANKS FOR NOTHING.

LET ME SEE THAT FOLDER, CARL. WHAT KIND OF TWISTED MIND WOULD BLAME A LOCAL?

WHO KNOWS?

GUY WAS PRETTY HYPER, THOUGH. THINK HE SAID HE WAS FROM NEW YORK.

FIGURES.

SAID SOME INTERESTING THINGS TO FRANK AND ME. BUT YOU'LL SEE IT IN HIS REPORT, INSPECTOR.

GOD, IF THIS GETS OUT WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE.

SOMEONE GET ME THORPE!

WHERE'D HE GET THIS STUFF?

WOUND'S STARTING TO SOFTEN UP. GOOD OLD MOTHER NATURE WORKS EVERY TIME.

HAVEN'T DONE THIS IN A WHILE, SO I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THE AREA IS NUMB.

DON'T NEED WENDIE TO FLINCH ON ME.

THERE, THAT JUST ABOUT DOES IT. NOW, IT'S WORK TIME FOR--

SNIKT

--DOCTOR ADAMANTIUM.

FUNNY, I DON'T GET TO USE THESE CLAWS FOR POSITIVE REASONS THAT OFTEN.

NICE TO KNOW THAT MY VEG-O-MATICS CAN DO MORE THAN SLICE AND DICE.

THOUGH THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THAT, TOO.

NOW IF I CAN JUST STOP THIS BLEEDING AND--

GOT IT!

IF THE WOUND'S NOT INFECTED AND WENDIE DOESN'T STRAIN HIMSELF, I THINK THE OPERATION WILL BE A SUCCESS.

HERE'S A SOUVENIR, BUB.

I'D GIVE SPIDEY TWO MORE HOURS, THEN IT'S MY TURN TO CONVINCE THE GOOD CITIZENS OF HOPE.

IF HE DOESN'T COME BRINGING GOOD NEWS, THEN I'LL GO INTO TOWN AND SNIFF DOWN THE BLOODY PIG MYSELF.

NO ONE'S GONNA DIE WHILE I'M HERE.

A LIVING CANCER IS WALKING AROUND KILLING. IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE HIM TERMINAL.

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! C'MON, PETER! YOU'RE JUST A PHOTOGRAPHER. HOW'D YOU GET THAT KIND OF INFORMATION?

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

ARE YOU KIDDING? EVERYONE'S ON THE PATH TO THE LEFT, BUT YOU SAY THE ANSWERS ARE ON THE RIGHT. YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT MATTERS!

MEL, I WASTED AN HOUR JUST TRACKING YOU DOWN. TIME IS CRUCIAL. YOU'LL GET ALL YOUR ANSWERS LATER. THE COPS ARE USELESS RIGHT NOW SO WE'VE GOT TO DO THIS ON OUR OWN.

C'MON, EVEN IF THIS WAS TRUE, WE CAN'T STOP THE WHEELS OF PARANOIA. WE'RE IN THIS, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT.

WRONG!

YOU'RE IN THIS. I'M JUST A PHOTOGRAPHER, REMEMBER? I CAN MAKE AN IDIOT OF MYSELF.

AND BECAUSE MY CAREER DOESN'T HINGE UPON THIS STORY, I CAN LET THE ODD PIECE OF DOUBT ENTER IN.

I'M NOT SAYING I'VE GOT ALL THE ANSWERS.

BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT NEITHER DO YOU.

I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO GO OUT WITH MY MEN THIS TIME. YOU DO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO.

BUT UNLESS YOU CAN NAIL THIS CREATURE IN THE NEXT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS? I DON'T NEED YOU.

LIKE THE KILLER MIGHT NOT BE THE MONSTER.

WHAT?! HOW'D YOU KNOW?

JUST A HUNCH, AMONGST OTHER THINGS.

LOOK, THORPE, WE NEED TO GIVE THE PEOPLE SOMETHING... ANYTHING!

THERE ARE RUMORS THAT COULD DEVASTATE THE COMMUNITY AND...

I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU NEED. YOU'RE NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THIS KILLER. YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR NECK THAT'S ABOUT TO BE CHOPPED.

I'LL GET YOUR "BIG FOOT." BUT IT WILL BE ON MY TERMS. MY WAY! I DON'T CARE ABOUT CATCHING A SACRIFICIAL PIG. I JUST WANT THOSE ANNOYING REPORTERS OUTTA MY WOODS.

I'M NOT CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR MOTIVATIONS. IT'S BEEN TEN DAYS.

" I WANT THAT CREATURE DEAD BY DAY TWELVE. "

" THAT'S HOW YOU CAN HAVE THE WOODS ALL TO YOURSELF. "

WEN-DI-GO

GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER.

WHO SAYS YOU'RE WIMPY?

NOW BEFORE YOU RIP MY HEAD OFF, LET ME TELL YOU WHAT'S UP.

IF WE DON'T SOLVE THIS LITTLE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY SOON, I DON'T THINK YOUR ODDS OF SURVIVING THE YEAR ARE VERY GOOD.

HECK, SURVIVING THE WEEK!

BUT WE DON'T HAVE CONTROL OVER THAT. WHAT WE DO HAVE CONTROL OF IS WHERE WE GO AND WHEN WE GO.

SO YOU NEED TO FOLLOW MY LEAD.

I HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER BODY.

THAT'LL BE THE LAST PIECE OF EVIDENCE THEY MIGHT WANT.

I PROMISE YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE. TRUST ME.

THOUGH THE CREATURE CAN'T UNDERSTAND. IT TRUSTS SOMETHING...

..ITS INSTINCTS.

THIS STINKS!

ANNA WON'T BELIEVE ME, THE COPS WON'T BELIEVE ME, AND MELVIN'S AN IDIOT.

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND THEM. JUST BECAUSE WENDIGO HAD THE DEAD BOY IN HIS HANDS AND ATTACKED THE MOUNTIES... WHAT KIND OF REASONS ARE THOSE TO ASSUME HE'S GUILTY?

I WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME EITHER.

BUT I CAN'T BRING WENDIGO HERE. HE'D BE DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE CITY LIMITS.

=WHEW= WHAT A STORY THAT'D MAKE. ACTUALLY WOLVIE COULD HIDE WENDIGO. THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM. WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT A MURDERER IS DOWN THERE AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

I CAN'T LET ANYONE SEE ME, WHICH HINDERS MY DAYTIME ACTIVITY. I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT BAT FELLA.

I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN A SICK STORY AS THIS. CAREERS, HEADLINES, PRESTIGE.

MY GOD, ARE WE MISSING THE POINT? EVEN WORSE, DO WE WANT TO GET IT?

ARE SALES GOING TO DICTATE OUR ETHICS? SO THERE'S A MURDER. YAHOO! WE'VE READ ABOUT THAT BEFORE.

WE WOULDN'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT THE BOY'S PARENTS AND FAMILY.

THEY'VE BECOME A FREAK SHOW.

I JUST DON'T KNOW ANYMORE.

MARY JANE, WHERE ARE YOU WHEN I NEED YOU?!

WELL, TIME TO MEET WOLVIE. BUT HE IS NOT GOING TO BE IMPRESSED WITH MY EFFORT.

THEN AGAIN, NEITHER AM I.

"I

JUST

HOPE

HE

WAS

ABLE

TO

FIND

SOMETHING."

WEN-DI-GO!

IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT. FOR THE FIRST TIME WENDIE HOWLS NOT WITH PAIN.

OR ANGER.

BUT WITH ANGUISH.

NEXT: THE CONCLUSION

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"PERCEPTIONS" PART 5 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN®

GUEST-STARRING WOLVERINE!®

THE KILLER REVEALED!

McFARLANE

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THE MEDIA WON'T BELIEVE US. THE R.C.M.P. WON'T BELIEVE US. CRIPES! EVEN SPIDER-MAN'S PARTNER WON'T.

THEY'RE IDIOTS ANYWAY.

I'VE GIVEN THEM ALL THE CLUES THEY NEED. BUT EVERYONE'S CAUGHT UP IN THE LIGHT SHOW.

WELL, SPIDEY HAD HIS CHANCE, TIME TO ALTER OUR TACTICS. I'M TIRED OF GIVING THEM A CHOICE. FROM NOW ON WE DO THINGS MY WAY.

PERIOD.

BECAUSE I WANT HIM HERE. YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?

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NO! NO! JUST-- UH-- WONDERING. THAT'S ALL.

GOOD.

WE JUST FOUND ANOTHER BODY. ANOTHER BOY! I'M GOING INTO TOWN.

I NEED YOU TO BABYSIT FOR AWHILE.

C'MON, WOLVIE! THAT'S CRAZY! I'LL GO GET THE MOUNTIES, THEN I CAN--

THE CONCLUSION OF:

PERCEPTIONS

BY McFARLANE PARKER WRIGHT SALICRUP DEFALCO

WEN·DI·GO!

=sheesh=

OKAY! I'M NOT MOVING! I'M NOT MOVING!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE. NOW IT'S MINE.

YOU DON'T *EXPECT* ME TO--

WAIT HERE?

YOU BET YOUR *REAR* I DO!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH DEAD ANIMALS OUT HERE TO DAM A RIVER. AND THAT DEAD BOY THERE, HE'S *NOT* THE *LAST*. I GUARANTEE IT.

YOUR FRIENDS DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE YOU, FINE. BUT I CAN BE *VERY* PERSUASIVE WHEN I NEED TO.

SO YOU JUST ENJOY SOME TIME WITH WENDIE AND I'LL BE BACK TO GIVE YOU FURTHER *ORDERS*.

OH-- IF YOU DECIDE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, I THINK THE MEDIA WOULD BE QUITE ENTHUSED WITH A COUPLE OF FACTS.

GET MY DRIFT-- *PARKER!*

YEAH. YEAH.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE KID.

MY GOD, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO HIM?

WEN-DI-GO!

WHAT NOW!?

I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP. AT LEAST LET ME COVER THE BOY UP.

NO!

I NEED THE BOY OUT IN THE OPEN SO I CAN GET A CONFESSION. I WANT THE MURDERER TO SEE THE AFTERMATH OF HIS ACTIONS.

WENDIGO WILL KEEP ANY PREDATORS FROM THE BODY. *YOUR* JOB IS TO STOP THE HUMANS.

MINE'S TO MAKE THEM PAY.

WENDIGO'S BELLY IS STILL MENDING FROM BULLET WOUNDS, MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET TOO EXCITED.

I'VE TOLD YOU HE DOESN'T EAT HUMAN FLESH-- NOT YET.

WHAT IF HE TRIES TO GO FOR THE BOY?

HE'S HIDING FROM THE HUNTERS. THINKS WE ARE TOO. NO SENSE CHANGING HIS MIND.

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! HOW LONG AM I SUPPOSED TO WAIT?

AS LONG AS IT TAKES.

NOW KINDLY REMOVE YOUR HAND BEFORE YOU LOSE IT.

BEFORE YOU GO, GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD LISTEN TO YOU?

I'LL GIVE YOU MORE THAN THAT!

URRK!

ONE! WE'VE GOT THREE DEAD BOYS AND COUNTING.

TWO! WE'VE GOT HUNDREDS OF DEAD ANIMALS AND COUNTING.

TWO AND A HALF--

I'M A MOODY LITTLE CUSS.

I PROMISE YOU DON'T WANT REASON THREE.

I TURN TO LEAVE THINKING THAT I'VE MADE MY POINT.

OR SHOULD I SAY POINTS.

BUT I SWEAR THAT SPIDER-MAN IS ONE OF THE GUTSIEST FOOLS I'VE MET--OR THE STUPIDEST.

EITHER WAY YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIRE HIS PERSISTENCE.

THIS TIME WENDIE MAKES MY POINT FOR ME.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S CONVINCED SPIDEY TO STAY.

MY, AREN'T WE PROTECTIVE?

LATER

COVERED HALF THE TOWN ALREADY. SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM TO FINISH THE REST.

HOPE AIN'T SUCH A BAD LITTLE TOWN. BUT IT'D BE A LOT NICER IF SOME OF THE LEECHES WEREN'T HERE. I CAN TELL THE RESIDENTS HAVE JUST ABOUT LOST THEIR PATIENCE. SO I'D BETTER FINISH THIS HUNT.

THE SCENTS COMING FROM THE BOY I FOUND TELL ME WHOEVER DID THIS HANGS AROUND TOWN.

GOOD THING, 'CAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CHECK THOSE WHO LIVE IN THE STICKS.

SAD PART IS, HE'S GONNA MAKE THIS TOO EASY FOR ME.

WHICH BRINGS ME HERE. NOW IF I CAN JUST---

GOTTA DO THIS SO THE BOYS' PARENTS KNOW THE TRUTH.

GOT 'IM!

WHOEVER THE PIG IS THAT KILLED THOSE BOYS WILL STINK OF DEATH.

NOW AIN'T THAT INTERESTING.

As we enter this eleventh day, the tension is still unbearable. I can't believe how consuming this whole affair has been.

The speculations of the uninformed makes trying to bring you the truth even more difficult. Rumors abound.

I heard one about how Bigfoot attacked a couple in a cabin, but the woman talked the creature out of killing her when she showed him her husband's chest.

The Sasquatch was so impressed with how hairy the man was that they bonded. I guess both were half-man, half-beast.

DE ETE

WHAT A PIECE OF *JUNK!* WHAT AM I WRITING FOR, THE *ENQUIRER?*

FACE THE FACTS, *ANNA,* MY DEAR. PETER HAS YOU CONFUSED. IF EVEN A LITTLE OF WHAT HE SAYS IS TRUE, I'M TOTALLY WASTING MY TIME.

AND TALENTS. BUT...

THIS IS A CHANCE OF A *LIFETIME.* I CAN'T SCREW UP.

"HOW MANY TIMES WILL I GET TO WRITE HEADLINE NEWS?"

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The Vancouver Sun

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When Will Sasquatch Die?

"ALL THIS STUFF ISN'T *MY* FAULT. I CAN'T CONTROL THE ACTIONS OF OTHERS. BUT I HAVE TO COMPETE WITH THEM. LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE."

DAY ELEVEN:

ANNA BROOKS

THIS IS *UNREAL!* TO USE MY NAME IN VAIN. IS NOTHING SACRED ANYMORE?

OH, YOU GOT A PATENT ON THE NAME? C'MON, *EH*, WOLVIE TOLD US TO SIT TIGHT. HE CAN HANDLE IT.

GRETZKY, KINGS WIN STANLEY CUP

ELEVEN DAYS. I'M NOT SO SURE.

C'MON, LIKE HE'S A PRO, *EH!*

"I'M A PROFESSIONAL. CAN'T LET OTHERS GET TO ME. I'VE A JOB TO DO AND DEADLINES TO MEET."

CAGO GLOBE

Hunt For Baby Killer

"HOPE PETER AND THE OTHERS CAN LEARN TO LIVE WITH THEMSELVES."

I SEND IN A FALSE REPORT THAT GETS THE COPS MOVING IN OUR DIRECTION.

SAYING THAT THORPE HAS WENDIGO PINPOINTED.

THE INSPECTOR SENDS OUT A POSSE OF SIX. ALL ARMED TO THE TEETH.

THORPE IS SUPPOSED TO LEAD 'EM TO THE SLAUGHTER. UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR HIM.

THORPE IS CLOSER TO THE SITUATION THAN HE THINKS. HE'S A GOOD TRACKER.

BUT NOT THAT GOOD.

SNIKT

IT'S TIME YOU AND I HAD A FEW WORDS!

WITH THORPE IN MY GRASP I CAN SETTLE THIS THING MY WAY. QUICK AND CLEAN.

SPIDER-MAN'S METHODS DIDN'T GET RESULTS. I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S SUCH A GOODY TWO-SHOES.

--- THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO THE STORE, THIS LITTLE PIGGY WANTS SOME MORE, AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT *WEE! WEE! WEE!* ALL THE WAY HOME!

AREN'T WE MATURE?

HECK, OLD WENDIE'S A PUSHOVER ONCE YOU'VE GOTTEN PAST THE *DISGUSTING* THING HE CALLS A FACE.

SO WHAT'S UP?

THERE ARE SIX MOUNTIES ABOUT A HALF MILE FROM HERE. THREE ARE ON THE NORTHEAST SIDE, THE OTHERS ON THE WEST. I NEED YOU TO STALL THEM FOR ME.

AND WHAT'S YOUR PART?

TO END THIS THING *TONIGHT.*

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT IF YOU CAN SOMEHOW *NAIL* THIS CREEP---

--THEN *DO IT!*

FOR THE FIRST TIME IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH.

HOPE IT LASTS.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE THERE'S ANOTHER GUEST. I LEAKED OUT A DIFFERENT LOCATION TO THE INSPECTOR'S GROUP.

MARTY? JIMMY? WHERE THE *HECK* ARE YOU?

I TOOK OUT THE OTHER TWO. NO SENSE IN HAVING A CROWD. BESIDES, IT'S THE INSPECTOR'S PRESENCE THAT I NEED TONIGHT.

BUT FIRST LET'S DISARM HIM.

INTENTIONALLY, I STEP ON A DRY BRANCH TO GET HIS ATTENTION.

UH?

THEN I MAKE SURE I KEEP IT.

CRIPES!

I THINK HE GETS THE MESSAGE.

BUB, I'M LOOKING FOR A CONFESSION AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO GET IT.

SO FOLLOW ME, 'CAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO SEE.

DON'T WANT TO HURT THESE GUYS. JUST RUN A BIT OF INTERFERENCE.

CAN'T LET ANY OF THEM SEE ME, THOUGH. TOWN'S GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS.

ONLY SIX OF THEM NOW, BUT I HEARD ONE SAY THE HUNTERS WILL BE COMING AS BACKUPS.

I'LL HAVE TO DO THIS FAST. WEBBING THEM UP IS BEST 'CAUSE IT'LL DISAPPEAR IN AN HOUR.

WON'T HAVE ANY EVIDENCE I WAS HERE.

STILL, HOW DO I GET THE MOUNTIES AND MEDIA TO BELIEVE OUR STORY?

CRIPES, IS THAT THORPE?

YOU'RE FREAKIN' RIGHT IT IS. NOW YOU JUST STAND THERE, INSPECTOR, AND I'LL MAKE EVERYTHING CLEAR.

THE FIRST BOY THE REPORTER FOUND, DAVID NEUSEL, WASN'T KILLED BY BIGFOOT. MY SENSES FOUND ONLY HUMAN ODORS. THE REASON THEY SENT OUT THE AUTOPSY TO VANCOUVER WAS TO VERIFY THE INJURIES. THE BOY WASN'T MAULED. ONLY DECOMPOSED.

THE SECOND BOY, BILLY RICE, WAS FOUND AT NICHOLL'S FARM. ONLY THING IS, OLD MAN NICHOLL NEVER PHONED IN THE REPORT. IT WAS A SETUP. THAT BOY WAS DIFFERENT. HE *WAS* MAULED, BUT BY DOGS, NOT MONSTERS. AND HE WAS WEARING CLOTHES. THE FIRST BOY WASN'T.

REPORTS OF DEAD ANIMALS SET THE HUMANITARIANS AGAINST THE HUNTERS. ANOTHER SMOKE-SCREEN.

AND NOW THIS THIRD BOY, NAKED AND DECOMPOSED. CREATURES DON'T CHANGE THEIR HABITS. PEOPLE DO.

YOU WANTED THE HILLS TO YOURSELF, *DIDN'T* YOU, MOUNTAIN MAN?! BUT YOUR *SICK* PERVERSION BACKFIRED.

YEAH, THERE'S A MONSTER OUT HERE ALL RIGHT, BUT IT'S *NOT* THE BIGFOOT!

YOU KIDNAPPED THOSE BOYS-- AFTER THEY RAN AWAY FROM HOME. FIGURED NO ONE WOULD MISS 'EM.

THEN YOU KEPT 'EM AND ABUSED THEM. HAD TO SATISFY YOUR TWISTED NEED FOR *LITTLE BOYS.*

PLEASE...

FUNNY NO ONE NOTICED THE VICTIMS WERE **ALL** YOUNG BOYS.

AND IN THE END, YOU DISPOSED OF THEM WHEN YOU WERE DONE. BURYING THEM TO ROT IN THE GROUND.

YOU'RE SICK! DO YOU HEAR ME!! SICK.!

THIS IS FOR THE *BOYS.!* DIE, PIG.!

DIE!!

OKAY, THE EASY PART IS STOPPING THESE GUYS.

BUT WHAT DO I DO NOW?

WOLVIE SAID HE'D GET SOME RESULTS. BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T TRUST HIS METHODS. HE SEEMS TO BE EVEN MORE RECKLESS THAN I AM.

UNFORTUNATELY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO SQUAT. BEEN HANDCUFFED INTO TRYING TO HIDE MY IDENTITY.

I THINK IT'S TIME TO FORGET ABOUT MY NEEDS.

PRETTY SICK, HUH? FACT IS, HE DIDN'T KILL THE BOYS--*YOU* DID!!

I JUST DIDN'T WANT ANY WITNESSES TO SEE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU.

I-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT Y-YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, BUT I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE HERE THAT SAYS *DIFFERENTLY!*

WEN·DI·GO!

PLEASE-- KEEP HIM AWAY! I'LL DO ANYTHING!

THEN START TALKING AND DON'T SKIP THE GOOD PARTS.

OKAY! OKAY! I ADMIT IT WAS ME. THE BOYS, THEY WERE HAVING PROBLEMS, WERE GOING TO RUN AWAY. DIDN'T *MEAN* TO HURT THEM, BUT WHAT IF THEY TOLD?! SO I PLANTED THE RICE BOY...

HAD THE DOGS *CHEW* HIM BEFORE I BURIED HIM -- FORGOT TO TAKE OFF HIS CLOTHES. DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD NOTICE THE FIRST BOY DIDN'T HAVE ANY--

THEN I STALLED THE AUTOPSY, SENT IT TO VANCOUVER.

FIGURED IF WE GOT THE *BIGFOOT* THEN I'D BE SAFE BUT THE REPORTERS, THEY WOULDN'T--

GUY'S EVEN *CRAZIER* THAN I THOUGHT, BUT HE RAMBLES ON FOR TEN MINUTES BEFORE DOING SOMETHING STUPID.

YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME!

HERE.

THORPE'S BEEN AWAKE THE WHOLE TIME. I PULLED MY CLAWS BEFORE I SLUGGED HIM. HE'S BEEN PLAYING POSSUM SO HE COULD HEAR THE TRUTH.

IDIOT, I DON'T NEED TO STOP YOU.

BESIDES, YOUR CONFESSION'S ON TAPE. STOLE A POCKET RECORDER FROM A REPORTER IN TOWN.

FIGURED IT'D TAKE THE WORD OF THORPE AND YOUR VOICE TO CONVINCE THE MEDIA.

THEY TRUSTED YOU, KRAHN, BUT YOU **ABUSED** THAT POWER.

SO YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE. WHEN THE TOWNFOLKS LEARN THE TRUTH I'M SURE YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU **DESERVE**.

IF NOT, I'LL EVEN THE SCORE **MYSELF**.

BLAM!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER.

WELL, THORPE CONVINCED THE COPS ABOUT KRAHN'S GUILT. GAVE 'EM ALL THE INFO THEY NEEDED. FUNNY THING IS, THE MEDIA WASN'T TOO HAPPY.

GUESS A MONSTER-KILLER IS MORE EXCITING THAN A HUMAN. ANNA BROOKS EVENTUALLY WROTE A LEGITIMATE ARTICLE BASED ON A COPY OF THE TAPE, BUT HER EDITORS DIDN'T CONSIDER IT FRONT PAGE NEWS ANYMORE.

RCMP INSPECTOR KILLS BOYS

BY ANNA BROOKS

Section B pg 20

PRETTY SICK WORLD WHEN THE TRUTH ISN'T **WORTH** PRINTING.

GE 20

THE BOYS' FAMILIES HAVE BEEN DISCARDED. THE REPORTERS GOT THEIR STORY, NOW IT'S UP TO OTHERS TO PICK UP THE PIECES.

AT LEAST THEY'VE STILL GOT THEIR **BIGFOOT** MYSTERY.

PLUS IT'S KINDA POETIC HOW KRAHN WAS SHOT AND KILLED BY HUNTERS WHO WERE CAUGHT UP IN THE HYSTERIA HE CREATED.

BUT THERE ARE STILL A FEW MORE BODIES OUT HERE IN THE FOREST. LEAST I CAN DO IS TAKE 'EM TO TOWN. GIVE THE PARENTS SOME SENSE OF FINALITY. INSTEAD OF HAVING THEM WONDER IF THEIR BOY WILL EVER RETURN.

IT'LL GIVE 'EM AN ANSWER BUT CRUSH ANY **HOPE** THEY MIGHT HAVE HAD.

JEEZ, WHAT A MESS.

NICE JOB, PETE. YOU HAVE DEAD BOYS, DEAD ANIMALS, AND A DEAD CHILD MOLESTER.

SEEMS LIKE WE ACHIEVED A LOT.

I'M GETTING TIRED OF THESE OTHER SO-CALLED HERO'S METHODS.

WE HAVE TO FIND WAYS TO SOLVE THESE THINGS BETTER.

WOLVERINE. PUNISHER. GHOST RIDER. THEY'RE STARTING TO MAKE ME AS **SICK** AS THE VILLAINS.

GOD. WHAT'S EVEN SCARIER **IS** MAYBE THIS IS THE BEST WE CAN DO. HOPE MARY JANE CAN CONVINCE ME OTHERWISE.

NEXT SPIDEY IS BACK IN BLACK!!

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